11630. c. 12

BEDLAM:

K. Bethlehem Hospital.

A POEM.

DEDICATED,—— To thoſe, whoſe tender Boſoms glow,
With gen'rous Thoughts for others Woe.

LONDON.
Printed for the Author. MDCCLXXVI. [Price 2 s. 6d.

BEDLAM.

A POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON.

Printed for the Author. M DCC LXXVI. [Price 2s 6d.

BEDLAM,

A POEM;

WHERE proud Auguſta, bleſt with long Repoſe,
Her ancient Wall and ruin'd Bulwark ſhews;
Cloſe by a verdant Plain with graceful Height,
A ſtately Fabric riſes to the Sight:

Yet tho' it's Parts all elegantly ſhine,
And ſweet Proportion crowns the whole Deſign;
Tho' Art, in ſtrong expreſſive Sculpture ſhewn,
Conſummate Art informs the breathing Stone:
Far other Views than theſe within appear,
And Woe and Horror dwell for ever here;
For ever from the echoing Roofs rebounds
A dreadful Din of heterogeneous Sounds:
From this, from that, from ev'ry Quarter riſe,
Loud Shouts, and ſullen Groans, and doleful Cries:
Heart ſoft'ning Plaints demand the pitying Tear,
And Peals of hideous Laughter ſhock the Ear.
Thus, when in ſome fair human Form we find,
The Luſt all rampant and the Reaſon blind:

Griev'd

Griev'd we behold ſuch Beauty giv'n in vain,
And Nature's faireſt Work ſurvey with Pain.
Within the Chambers which this Dome contains,
In all her frantic Forms, Diſtraction reigns:
For when the Senſe from various Objects brings,
Thro' Organs craz'd the Images of things;
Ideas all extravagant and vain,
In endleſs Swarms croud in upon the Brain:
The cheated Reaſon true and falſe confounds,
And forms her Notions from fantaſtic Grounds;
Then if the Blood impetuous ſwells the Veins,
And Choler in the Conſtitution reigns:
Outrageous Fury ſtrait inflames the Soul;
Quick breaks the Pulſe and fierce the Eye-balls roll,

Rattling

Rattling his Chains the Wretch all raving lies,
And roars and foams and Earth and Heaven defies;
Not ſo when gloomy the black Bile prevails,
And lumpiſh Phlegm the thicken'd Maſs congeals:
All lifeleſs then is the poor Patient found,
And fits for ever moping on the Ground;
His active Powers their Uſes all forego,
Nor Senſes, Tongue, nor Limbs, their Functions know;
In Melancholy loft, the vital Flame
Informs and juſt informs the liſtleſs Frame;
If brisk the circulating Tides advance,
And nimble Spirits through the Fibres dance,
Then all the Images delightful riſe,
The tickled Fancy ſparkles through the Eyes;

The Mortal all to Mirth and Joy reſign'd,
In ev'ry Geſture ſhews his freakiſh Mind:
Frolic and free, he laughs at Fortune's Pow'r,
And plays a thouſand Gambols in an Hour.

Now entring in; my Muſe, the Theme purſue,
And all the Dome and each Apartment view.
Within this lonely Lodge, in ſolemn Port,
A ſhiv'ring Monarch keeps his awful Court:
And far and wide as boundleſs Thought can ſtray,
Extends a vaſt imaginary Sway;
Utopian Princes bow before his Throne,
Lands, unexiſting, his Dominion own,
And airy Realms, and Regions in the Moon.

The Pride of Dignity, the Pomp of State,
The darling Glories of the envied Great,
Riſe to his View, and in his Fancy ſwell,
And Guards and Courtiers crowd his empty Cell:
See! how he walks majeſtick through the Throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd Robes along;)
And cheaply bleſt and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear Deluſion of his Brain:
In this ſmall Spot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of Monarchs, firſt of Human kind;
Such joyful Extaſy as this poſſeſt,
On ſome triumphal Day, great Cæſar's Breaſt;
Great Cæſar! ſcarce beneath the Gods ador'd,
The World's great Victor, Rome's imperial Lord!

With all their Glories in their utmoſt Height,
And all his Pow'r diſplay'd before his Sight;
Un-number'd Trophies grace the pompous Train,
And captive Kings, indignant, drag their Chain:
With laurell'd Enſigns glitt'ring from afar,
His Legions, glorious Partners of the War
His conqu'ring Legions, march behind the golden Car.
Whilſt Shouts on Shouts from gather'd Nations riſe,
And endleſs Acclamations rend the Skies;
For this, to vex Mankind with dire Alarms,
Urging with rapid Speed his reſtleſs Arms:
From Clime to Clime the mighty Madman flew,
Nor taſted Quiet nor Contentment knew:
But ſpread wild Ravage all the World abroad,
The Plague of Nations, and the Scourge of God!

Poor Cloe,—whom yon little Cell contains,
Of broken Vows and faithleſs Man complains;
Her heaving Boſom ſpeaks her inward Woe,
Her Tears in melancholy Silence flow:
Yet ſtill her fond Deſires tumultuous riſe,
Melt her ſad Soul and languiſh in her Eyes;
And, from her wild Ideas, as they rove
To all the tender Images of Love,
Still, ſtill, ſhe ſooths and feeds the flatt'ring Pain,
Falſe as he is, ſtill, ſtill, ſhe loves her Swain!
To hopeleſs Paſſion yields her Heart a Prey,
And ſighs, and ſings, the live-long Hours away.
So mourns th' impriſon'd Lark his hapleſs Fate,
In Love's ſoft Seaſon raviſh'd from his Mate,

Fond

Fondly fatigues his unavailing Rage
And hops and flutters round and round his Cage,
And moans and droops, with pining Grief oppreſt,
Whilſt ſweet Complainings warble from his Breaſt.

Lo, here a Wretch! to Avarice reſign'd,
'Midſt gather'd Scraps and Shreds and Rags confin'd,
His Riches theſe—for theſe he rakes and ſpares,
Theſe rack his Boſom, theſe engroſs his Cares;
O'er theſe he broods for ever, void of Reſt,
And hugs the ſneaking Paſſion of his Breaſt.
See from himſelf the ſordid Niggard ſteals,
Reſerves large Scantlings from his ſlender Meals;

Scarce to his Bowels half their Due affords,
And ſtarves his Carcaſe to increaſe his Hoards,
'Till to huge Heaps the treaſur'd Offals ſwell,
And ſtink in every Corner of his Cell:
And there with wond'rous Wiſdom he purveys,
Againſt contingent Want and rainy Days,
And ſcorns the Fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their Morſel and enjoy their Store.

Behold a Sage, immers'd in Thought profound,
For Science He, for various Skill renown'd!
At no mean Ends his Speculations aim,
(Vile Pelf he ſcorns, nor covets empty Fame)

The

The Public Good, the Welfare of Mankind,
Employ the gen'rous Labour of his Mind!
For this his rich Imagination teems,
With rare Inventions and important Schemes;
All Day his cloſe Attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight Slumber to his Eyes;
Content of this, his toilſome Studies crown,
And for the World's Repoſe neglects his own.
All Nature's ſecret Cauſes he explores,
The Laws of Motion, and mechanic Pow'rs;
Hence even the Elements his Arts obey,
O'er Earth, o'er Fire, he ſpreads his wond'rous Sway,
And thro' the liquid Sky, and o'er the watry Way.

Hence

Hence, ever pregnant with ſome vaſt Deſign,
He drains the Moorland, and he ſinks the Mine;
Or levels lofty Mountains to the Plain,
Or ſtops the roaring Torrent of the Main;
Forc'd up by Fire, he bids the Water riſe,
And points his Courſe reverted to the Skies;
His ready Fancy ſtill ſupplies the Means,
Forces his Tools and fixes his Machines;
Erects his Sluices and his Mounds ſuſtains,
And whirls perpetual Windmills in his Brains.
All Problems, have his lively Thoughts ſubdu'd,
Meaſur'd the Stars, and found the Longitude;
And ſquar'd the Circle and the Tides explain'd:
The great Aranum once he had attain'd,

Had

Had quite attain'd; but that a Pipkin broke,
And all his Golden Hopes expir'd in Smoke.
And once his Soul inflam'd with patriot Zeal,
A Scheme he finiſh'd for his Country's Weal;
This in a private Conference made known,
A Stateſman ſtole, and us'd it for his own;
And then, O Baſeneſs! the Deceit to blind,
Our poor Projector in this Jail confin'd.
The Muſe forbears to viſit ev'ry Cell,
Each Form, each Object of Diſtreſs to tell;
To ſhew the Fopling curious in his Dreſs,
Daily trick'd out in gaudy Raggedneſs.
The Poet, ever wrapt in glorious Dreams,
Of Pagan Gods, and Heliconian Streams.

Had

The wild Enthusiast, that despairing sees
Predestin'd Wrath and Heav'ns severe Decrees.
Thro' these, thro' more sad Scenes, she grieves to go,
And paint the whole Variety of Woe.

Mean time on these reflect with kind Concern,
And hence this just, this useful Lesson learn:
If strong Desires thy reas'ning Pow'rs controul,
If arbitrary Passions sway thy Soul,
If Pride, if Envy, if the Thirst of Gain,
If wild Ambition in thy Bosom reign,
Alas! thou vaunt'st thy Sober Sense in vain!
In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
Thyself! less innocently Mad than they.